

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1894.

VOL. XV, NO. 14.

PHYSICIANS.

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All business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention.

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THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW.
Soldiers Disabled Since the War are Entitled.

Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from the effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully presented, address **JAMES TANNER.**

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Pensions, Bounties and all other claims against the government, presented with promptness; also notary public. Pensioners when having vouchers filled must bring certain data.

Lottie's Helping Hand.

BY MARY A. SAWYER IN YANKEE BLADE.

There is something for you to think about, Lottie," said her father, one blustering February evening. Listen," and he read from the evening paper these words:

"Five dollars will give a long horse-car ride to fifty poor children."

"Fifty?" said Lottie dropping her chin and looking at her father. "Would it not be one hundred, papa? The fare is only five cents for ever so many miles." "Five cents each way, Lottie," said her mother. "It would not be a very graceful charity to take children out into the country and leave them to return as best they could."

"No, indeed," said Lottie, with a merry laugh. "Imagine the condition they would be in if they walked! Dusty, dirty, tired, cross, and quarrelsome! I should be, I know; so of course they'd be. But, papa, if you mean that I am to earn money—and I'm sure I'd like to help the poor little things—what can I do?"

"That is for you to decide," replied her father. "Remember one thing, however, dear, that where there is a will there is a way."

"If only I had not spent so much at Christmas," said Lottie, sorrowfully, "though, really, papa, I only bought a few things more than I felt obliged to, just a very few. And I have only forty cents now."

"Think over your acquisitions, and accomplishments, and decide which has a marketable value," said her father. "Surely some one of them will enable you to earn or save from your spending money, at least a portion of the sum."

"I cannot think of a thing I can do. Not a single thing, and," very mournfully, "it would take me a year to save it."

"Do not try to decide to-night," advised her mother. "Think it over; carry it constantly in your mind and before long, I am very confident, that a way will offer itself."

Lottie accepted this advice, and for days, she silently questioned herself—"What can I do?"

At last, one afternoon, as she sat in school, a thought occurred to her and as she revolved it in her mind, it seemed more and more feasible.

"I'm sure I can do it, and I am sure mamma will be willing, and I'm sure I can earn and save, at the very least, two dollars. Two dollars! Well, it shall be five dollars next year!" she said to herself with resolution. At the close of school she hurried home, eager to communicate her project to her mother.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, as she entered the pleasant, sunny sitting-room, where her mother was busily sewing. "Oh, I am sure I've found out a way!"

"For the children's rides dear?" questioned her mother, with a smile at Lottie's eager manner.

"Yes," crossing the room to the bay-window, wherein stood a large table of thrifty plants, "if you are willing I should cut down this lemon verbena, and the scarlet one and the double white petunia, and the mottled one!"

For one moment Mrs. Walker hesitated. She thought of the patient care with which she had tended the plants Lottie mentioned, and for one moment, as she cast a loving glance at their sturdy growth, she hesitated. "You have a good reason for wishing this, I am sure Lottie," she then said, "and you shall do with them as you wish. They are really your plants, although I have taken care of them for you. Yours," she repeated, firmly, "to do as you choose with."

"It does seem dreadful to cut them down now, when they are almost ready to bloom, thanks to your great care of them," said Lottie, "and I would not do it if I could think of any other way. But," with a long sigh, "I cannot."

"You have not yet told me what

you mean to do with your slips when you have rooted them, as I suppose you intend to do."

"Not! To be sure not! Why, how stupid in me! Well, then, you must know that I went to Fannie Sharpe's this morning, on my way to school, and— isn't it a very queer coincidence, mamma?—Mrs. Sharpe was looking at some seed catalogues which had just been sent to the doctor. And— well, we began to talk of the flowers we would like to have in our gardens, and she said she should certainly send an order for some verbenas and petunias. "Your mother had such lovely ones last season," she said, "that I fairly envied her. So, this year, I mean to have some in my garden." Well, mamma, it came to me, all at once this afternoon, that I could root some cuttings from your large plants and sell them to her. What do you think about it?"

"I think it so good a plan that I would go to Mrs. Sharpe at once, and make the proposition, dear."

With swift steps Lottie ran down the path and across the street to their neighbor's. In a short time she returned, wearing a radiant face. "She says she will take a dozen of each, and will pay me fifty cents a dozen! That is the price in the florist's catalogue, and I feel sure that I can root two dozen."

"I think you can, my dear."

"She was so surprised! She said, 'What do you mean, child?' and stared, just as if I had said, 'I am going to give a minstrel concert. Will you give me your patronage, if you please.'"

Lottie laughed at the recollection of the long, scrutinizing, embarrassing glance, while her mother asked, "did you explain your motive?"

"Yes, ma'am. Oh, yes, I told her all about it."

"She was interested, was she not?"

"Oh, yes, and so was Fanny. But I didn't mean that I could earn the five dollars now,—oh no, only part of it, only one dollar. But that with what I shall save, means nice long rides for twenty children, you know, mamma."

"Yes, dear. And some other way of earning the remaining three dollars may be suggested to you; if not, however, you will always be glad that you have tried to lend a helping hand."

"Yes, indeed!" assented Lottie. "And now, mamma, shall I slip these plants, or will you?"

"You, my dear. If you are to earn the money in this way you must give your time and thought to it. Cut your slips carefully, and then put them in boxes of wet sand until they have rooted; then remove them, without shaking away the sand, into small pots, or boxes of earth, and with plenty of air, water, heat and sunlight, you can have for Mrs. Sharpe as strong and vigorous plants as any seedsman could offer her. But they will make demands upon your time that you cannot neglect."

"I suppose so," thoughtfully, "but I will tie a string around my finger every morning, and then I shall surely remember them. I must earn that two dollars. I must make those twenty children happy."

The next day, Lottie prepared her boxes of sand and planted her cuttings; and then she placed them on the broad sill of the sunny kitchen window. At the end of ten days of careful watering, there were signs of growth, and she carefully lifted each tiny plant into a pot of rich earth. "And now," she said at the tea-table, "I have only to take proper care of them, and by the first of May, they will be strong and hardy and ready for Mrs. Sharpe's flower-beds. And I," with a happy laugh, "shall have fairly earned my dollar."

"You have done well," said her father, "I foresee that I shall be obliged to build you a green house one of these days."

"I wish I had one now!" cried Lottie. "Anyway, I have a plan in my head, which, if you are willing, papa and mamma, will certainly give me the five dollars for next year if I cannot earn it this year."

"And the plan is what?" asked her father.

"It is to root geraniums, and fuchsias, and heliotropes, and whatever else mamma will give me, and have them growing in pots all the summer,—out of doors, of course,—until they are strong, healthy plants. Then, as mamma's winter plants are always so much admired, I will offer my plants to some of the ladies who go into raptures over hers. Don't you think they would buy them, mamma? I could tell them they were cuttings from your plants."

"It is an excellent plan," said her mother, while her father added, "I wish you all possible success as a florist, my dear."

It was now the last of March. There were few days in which Lottie did not ask herself if there were no way in which she could earn the three dollars she so greatly wanted.

"Isn't there any way?" she exclaimed one evening, as she sat by the fire. "Tip," caressing the cat who lay in her lap, "don't you know any way?"

But Tip only purred graciously, as her mistress rocked back and forth. By and by, however, she expressed her objection to the strong, steady motion by rising and jumping down from her mistress' lap, she sauntered slowly across the room and sprang upon a chair which stood near Lottie's wire flower-stand.

"Tip," cried Lottie, reproving, "you must not jump upon my lilies. Why is it, mamma that she so continually haunts my plants and never offers to go near yours?"

"Possibly she may like the perfume of the lilies and the roses."

"I am constantly afraid she will break off the blossoms," continued Lottie, "and they are so lovely, I cannot part with them, even for Tip's gratification."

But a moment later she exclaimed, "Oh, dear! I've been hunting for a way, and wishing for a way, and now—now that my poor, innocent Tip has suggested it,—now, I do not like it."

"Tip has suggested?—my dear, what do you mean?"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lottie, "my beautiful lilies! my lovely roses! Yes, mamma," as she met her mother's wondering glance, "poor Tip, by her anxiety to make her bed of lilies and roses, has brought to my mind the day that old Mr. Ferriers from High Ridge Farm was here to consult papa about his will. Surely you remember?"

"Certainly. 'But, my dear Lottie, I am certainly fail to see any connection between his desire to dispose of his business affairs and your plants.'"

"Just this connection, mamma. It is a year,—a whole year!—since he died here, and I have not once thought of it, but, that day he said to me, 'I may not be alive this time twelvemonth, little girl, but if I am, if the posies are blooming in the window, bring me some of the big, white lilies, and I'll send them to town and get a dollar-bill for you to buy some sweeties with.' I suppose," laughing, "he thought I was a little girl, and that I cried for candy!"

"Possibly. Then, if I understand you, dear, you mean to sell your roses and your lilies?"

"Yes," said Lottie, bravely, "I will do it, mamma. The room will not seem like itself without them, but I must have all the money I can get. And," brightening, "the poor children may ride away out into the real country and gather some wild roses, may they not? Oh, well, that settles it! I cannot hesitate, when I have a chance to send ten more children on a long country ride! No! I shall miss them, but my roses and my lilies shall go to High Ridge Farm to-morrow! Papa will drive me out there, I know."

Early the next morning, with her flowers carefully packed in wet moss, Lottie started upon her expedition. "I shall not get my money for a day or two," she

said to her mother upon her return. "We were just in time. Mr. Ferriers was starting for town when we got there, but he remembered, and carried the flowers himself. He said he would send the money to me. It will be another dollar!" joyfully.

At noon the next day, Lottie had heard nothing from Mr. Ferriers. She hurried home from the afternoon session of school, but again she was disappointed.

"Oh, well," she said, addressing Tip, who had sprung up into her outstretched arms, "he said in a day or two," and this is only one day, you know."

As it drew near tea-time, she became very restless. "Papa may have seen Mr. Ferriers," she said to her mother, "and I will go down to the office and remind him that we are hungry, and that the muffins will be spoiled if he is not punctual."

Fifteen minutes later she presented herself before her mother. Her cheeks glowed with the active exercise, and in her eyes there was the sparkle of great joy.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "what do you think? Such news! Such splendid news!" And opening the letter she held in her hands, she read in an excited voice:

High Ridge Farm, March 29, 18—

DEAR MISS LOTTIE:—I sold your posies without any trouble, and could have disposed of four times as many. I enclose the money received, as I shall leave this letter with your father, and you may like the identical bill and coins received by me, better than my check for the amount due you. Grow some more posies for next year, little one, and send or bring them to me, and I will turn them into money for you. The lilies sold for one dollar and twenty-five cents, and the roses for one dollar and ninety cents, making in all three dollars and fifteen cents. Present my regards to your worthy mother, and believe me, Your willing and obliging servant, JACOB FERRIERS.

"Isn't it a kind letter?" exclaimed Lottie, as she finished reading it, "and wasn't he good to take so much trouble for me? And," unrolling a piece of paper, "here is the money, three dollars and fifteen cents."

"It is indeed a kind letter," replied her mother. "And now, with the money you have saved for the purpose, and the money Mrs. Sharpe will pay you for your cuttings, you will surely have the five dollars you wished."

"Oh, yes, I think so! Let me see," counting rapidly upon her fingers, "I had in the beginning forty cents, and I have saved since then thirty-five. I could not save a single cent more than that, for I have not had even one bite of caramels. Well, that is—forty and thirty-five—seventy-five cents; Mrs. Sharpe's dollar makes it one dollar and seventy-five cents; this" waving it aloft, "makes it, let me see—five and five, seven and two, three and one—yes, I am right, and the grand total is four dollars and ninety cents! Only ten cents short! Oh, I can easily save that! And then I shall have my five dollars for the children's rides! Oh, how fortunate I am!"

"The resolution to do, and the patience to continue doing are the requisite elements of success," said her father, who had now entered the room. "And now, my dear, accept my congratulations upon your perseverance and your self denial, and allow me to ask if the muffins are ready."

"I am ravenous," answered Lottie, with a happy laugh, "but I am altogether too happy to eat! And Papa," linking her arm in his, as they obeyed the summons to tea, "I am quite sure that I can earn another five dollars next fall, by the plants I shall have to sell. Quite sure," she repeated earnestly, "for I have already spoken to four of mamma's friends, and they have agreed to buy them of me, if they are nice, thrifty plants. And mamma herself has often said that I could coax plants to root and grow, when she could not. So I feel quite, quite sure of next year's five dollars for the children."

"I wish you success," replied

her father.

"And I," said her mother, "will repeat my oft-expressed belief that success seldom fails the patient worker."

"Then the five dollars must surely be mine!" cried Lottie, "for I mean to work, and I mean to persevere!"

The American Government has guaranteed the payment of a sugar bounty for the production of raw sugar in the United States which has been made from sorghum, cane, beets or maple. This contract was entered into for a definite term of years, and the suggestion should never be acted upon by Congress to repudiate this contract of the American Government. It was made for the benefit of the agricultural industries of the West and the South, and also for the immediate benefit of the whole American people, because the culture of our own sugar supply will render us independent of other countries, and will involve the expenditure at home of the enormous amount of money that we now pay as tribute to the foreigners for our raw sugar. The maintenance intact of the existing sugar bounty will swell agriculture in the South and West, and the last person to urge injury or destruction upon these sections of the country should be the United States Senators from the West and from the South.

School Report.

Report of Bullion school for term closing June 22, 1894. Number of pupils enrolled 24; average attendance 21; names of those who were not tardy during term are Belle Draper, Emma Clara and Earl Gherke, Della Howley, Roy Reesman and Roy Spangler. Those whose deportment has been 100 during term are Adeline Webb and Minnie Cole, Lillie Boone, Belle Draper, Minnie Foley, Carrie and Lena Passwater, Emma Gherke, Minnie and Bertha Thompson, Della Howley, Ardie Kellogg, Phoebe Patten, Jennie Geoghegan, Minnie and Anna Rahe. DELIA FOLEY, Teacher.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fever. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters—Edifice satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50c and \$1 per bottle at B. F. Henry's drug Store.

In old times it seemed to be thought that a medicine must be nauseating to be effective. Now, all this is changed. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, one of the most powerful alternatives, is agreeable to most palates, the flavor being by no means medicinal.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction city, Ill., was told by her doctor she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in coughs and colds. Free trial bottle at B. F. Henry's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.

Temptation is an acid which reveals the quality of the metal we are made of.

VOL. XV, NO. 14.

Mr. Peffer, of Kansas, says that the Democrats have made the greatest mistake of their lives in putting wool on the free list, while retaining a duty on manufactured goods and on such "raw materials" as coal, iron ore and other things of that kind. Mr. Peffer says that if the bill had been drawn up in any consistent way and the farmers treated the same as other people he would not complain. But as it is he thinks that there is a studied effort to injure the farmers, and that the Democrats will find out that this will be resented. In further conversation, Mr. Peffer said that he was not one of those who raised the cry of sectionalism, but that he must admit that the action of the Democrats in putting a duty of 82 per cent on rice, which was only protected by a duty of 30 per cent in the Walker tariff, and of putting high rates of duty on peanuts, oranges and other Southern products, while putting wool on the free list, is a clear indication that this bill is as sectional one, and he believes that the party responsible for such legislation will be repudiated by the people of the North.

Trustee's Sale.

Whereas, Charles E. Darrow by his certain deed of trust dated the 3d day of February 1893, and recorded in the recorder's office of Adair county, at deed book W. Page 214, conveyed to J. M. DeFrance, all his right, title, interest and estate, in and to the following described real estate situated in the county of Adair, state of Missouri, viz:

The southeast quarter of the southwest quarter and ten, 10, acres being west part of the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, all in section two, 2, township sixty-two, 62, of range fifteen, 15, and lots five and six, 5 and 6, in block one, 1, in Knights' addition to the town, now city, of Kirksville, also the following personal property with the increase thereof to-wit: one stallion, Nassau 9347 standard and registered, one bay mare, Kate, 8 years old; one bay mare, Maud, 9 years old; one bay mare, Campbell, 8 years; one gray mare, Alger, 4 years old; one black mare, Nan, 9 years old; one sorrel mare, Ad, 4 years old; one bay mare, Noonling, 9 years old; one brown mare, Zig, 7 years old; one sorrel mare, Ivie, 5 years old; one sorrel mare, Ida, 5 years old; one gray mare, Adams, 5 years old; one brown filly, Nancy, 3 years old; one bay mare, Haight, 4 years old; one bay mare, McCosney, 5 years old; one brown mare, Dodson, 6 years old; one bay mare, Bess, 7 years old; one bay mare, Queen, 8 years old; one sorrel mare, Adams, 4 years old; 2 horse mules, 3 years old, and three or four, 3 or 4 head, description and names not remembered, being all horses of whatever description on my—said Darrows—farm.

Which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of one certain promissory note—in said deed described, and whereas said note has become due and unpaid, now therefore, in accordance with said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal holder, of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at the court house door and said personal property at T. E. Graves livery stable in the town of Kirksville, in the county of Adair, state aforesaid, to the highest bidder for cash, at public auction, on Saturday the 21st day of July, 1894, between the hours of nine in the forenoon and five in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note, together with the cost and expense of executing this trust.

J. M. DEFRAANCE,
Trustee.

A soft, fair skin is the result of pure blood and a healthy liver, to secure which, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Superior Medicine. Ladies who rely upon cosmetics to beautify their complexions, should make a note of this, bearing in mind that they can't improve upon nature.

We don't resent high-sounding imputations; the man who wins a smile at being called an egotist, will fight if called a chump.

T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga Tenn., says, "Shiloh's Vitalizer, 'Saved my Life,' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, liver or kidney trouble it excels. Price 75c.